

Times New Roman



"Forget what should be remembered, remember what should be forgotten"



OMAHA POLICE DEPARTMENT POLICE REPORT

- ORPHAN FOUND & RELEASED -

OCCURRED

Crinkle Street, Omaha, Illinois

Day of Week	Month	Day	Year
FRIDAY	2	17	2023

Narrative: On Friday 17 FEB 17 at 0851 hours.

An orphan aged between 6-17 (with 95% confidence) was found behind the apple tree on Crinkle Street. The orphan was found in good condition physically, mentally, and spiritually. Field sobriety and curse tests were performed to assess his intoxication levels as well as levels of bewitchment, both of which came back positively. The officials quickly got to work purchasing him a warm drink, cleansing him in the deep end of the local YMCA, and buying the boy more clothes in line with his 'lifestyle.' After a couple hours of this intense treatment the orphan was stabilized and returned back to his place behind the apple tree. Reports say he has since moved on from this tree to another tree. Officials are considering possibly returning to check on the orphan in 10 years.

By DEVONTE MONTIGO



By DEVONTE MONTIGO

ORANGE CHICKEN

Jeremy walks up to the Panda Express counter. The orange chicken glows like a beacon calling his shackled soul forward. He tastes the sweetness already. He licks his lips and his eyes water. He lets out a slight whimper. The man at the counter asks what he would like and Jeremy asks for a bowl with rice. The man is about to build Jeremy's dream before his eyes. Then he asks—no, begs—for the orange chicken on top. The man says they are out of orange chicken. A lie. Enraged, Jeremy opens his mouth to swear but the Panda Employee begins dancing in circles, eating the orange chicken and singing, "if you wish upon a star, it doesn't matter who you are!" He turns into a panda and starts floating into the sky, taking the last of the orange chicken with him. Jeremy wakes up in a cold sweat. He is still in prison and will be for the next 25 years.

By MS. TERRY

CHAT GÉ-PÉ-TEÉ

In a surprising shift from previous school policy, the Spanish department is now encouraging the use of ChatGPT by their students to write their essays. They do not need to cite it and are just asked to ensure it is "roughly the Spanish level they are supposed to know, but definitely better than what you would write, please," according to the department in their recent schoolwide email. "I would rather everyone cheat than have to read one more dunce mixing up their imperfect and preterite tense, it makes my job easier as well," stated Sebastian Diaz, Spanish 3.

EX

what is a common greeting in Spanish?



If you're looking for an example of a greeting in Spanish, a common one is ¿Qué lo que, coño? ¿Cómo estás?





GARFIELD



Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. For how are we to make ethical and moral sense of the feline phenomenon known as Garfield? Garfield hates Mondays, but what is Monday to Garfield?

Is it ontological? Mondays are defined to be the days that Garfield hates.

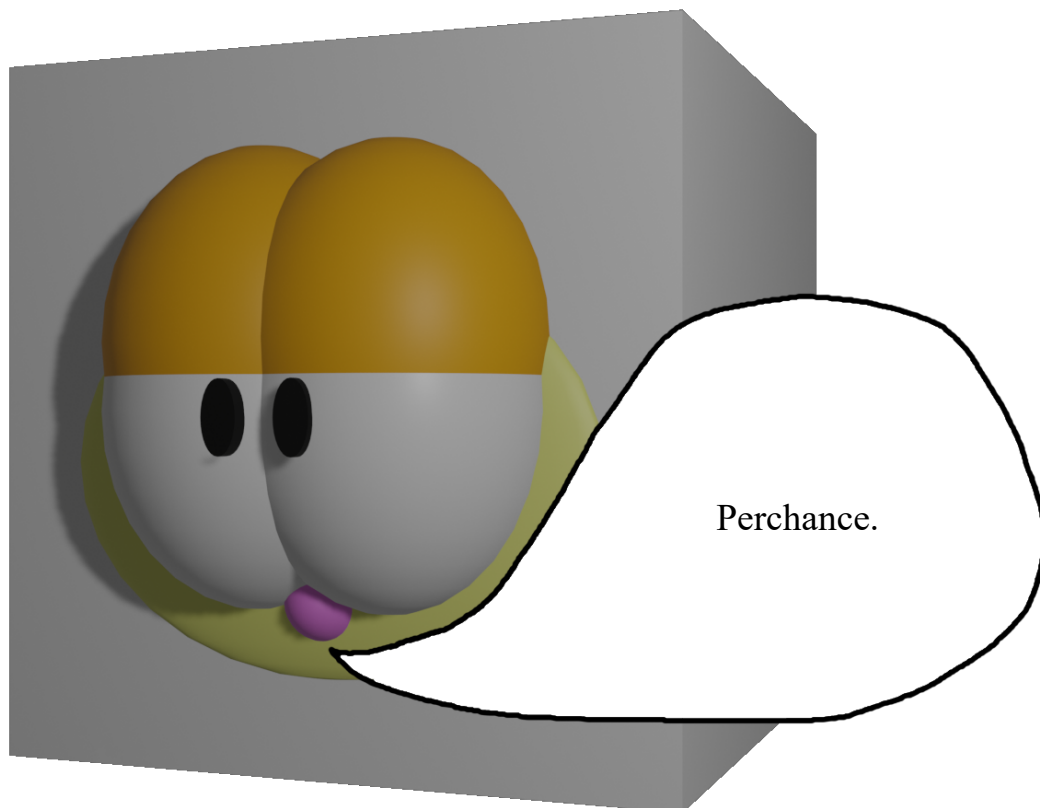
Is it astrological? Sorry, I can't go out on Monday; Garfield is in retrograde.

Is it probabilistic? The ratio of the number of days Garfield hates divided by the number of days Garfield experiences approaches one over seven as Garfield gets infinitely old.

Is it cultural? Does Garfield follow the Julian or Gregorian calendar? Does Garfield follow Judeo-Christian values? Does Garfield support conflict in the Middle East?

According to Wikipedia, Garfield was adopted on August 19th, 1978. You know what else happened that day? "Cinema Rex in the city of Abadan in the Khuzestan province in south west Iran, was set ablaze by fanatic followers of Ayatollah Khomeini," (kayhanlife.com).

By MAXIMILIANO de HABSBURGO



OpenTable Reservation at olea

By MAXIMILIANO de HABSBURGO

**olea - New Haven**

📅 Thu, Apr 13 ⌚ 8:00 PM 👤 2 people 🍴 Indoor • Standard

We're holding this table for you for 3:19 minutes

First name: Maximiliano**Last name: de Habsburgo****Phone number: (505) 842-5662****Select an occasion (optional): Birthday / Anniversary / Date Night / Business Meal / Celebration****Is there anything else you would like us to know about?**

She took everything from me. The kids, the house; my favorite dog Buster. The only thing I am getting from my wife is this bill at olea, as I proceed to spend hundreds of dollars hoping for the slim chance that one of these girls who is fifteen years younger than me thinks “hey, I actually think it’s really attractive that you lost all of your money to your ex-wife.” I’m just a free meal for the city of New Haven. Your guys’ Bacalao dish is exquisite, but it is draining the last of my 401(k). That’s right, I’m unemployed and an alcoholic:
what’s new this time of year.

According to the judge, I can only see my two beautiful kids on the weekends, right after I get shitfaced at your guys’ restaurant. I like to linger at the bar after my date leaves, chowing down on a deconstructed cannoli-misu, which consists of cocoa soil, mascarpone mousse, tía maría gelatin, ladyfingers powder, and coffee sauce. God I’m hungry right now...but I don’t get off of work until 7. Maybe I should change “Date Night” to “Anniversary,” because this is the first of many years where I will be wondering what I have to show for a decade of marriage. I am inevitably going to die alone and without a family, so thanks for asking, olea.
You guys are dicks.

A CHARITABLE ENDEAVOR

Thank you to those who took the time to contribute to my newest project: the Beans Organization for Orphans, Toddlers and Youth (**B.O.O.T.Y**). This is my first charity, and I want to thank these impoverished children for being in these circumstances—without you all, I wouldn't have the chance for extra publicity. Parents, let's keep that unemployment rate up—I'm late for my latest payment on my Camry.

B.O.O.T.Y is geared towards children in need—specifically, children in need of a boot in their ass to straighten them up. Randy Beans' articles have communicated some common themes, and one of them is that children are a problem we've yet to solve. My charity will take these children and simulate a very realistic, prison-like environment; they will be placed into controlled habitats according to region and these habitats will be centered around a food court with some hot dog carts, Auntie Anne's pretzels, and Dippin' Dots stations. Then, we open our collection of unfortunate youths up to the public—\$20 admission on weekdays, \$15 on weekends, and free admission during Toyotathon. No, this is not a zoo, with the main difference being that they take pretty good care of the attractions in zoos.

Why, Randy? Why subject these poor children to such indecency? Simply put, I don't want these children to live in poverty for their whole lives. What I'm doing is giving them the motivation they need to get up and do something with themselves other than making headlines in the media. I get it—we all want our fame. Enough of the charades, and enough of the attention seeking. I am a humanitarian, and I'm committed to helping these children. 75% of proceeds will go to me, and the remaining will be dispersed to our faculty (which is also just me). Do your part and help the kids.



CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM

By TYLER DURDEN

Dear Bruce,

We on the Peabody board have heard some complaints recently regarding the Peabody's much anticipated new initiative "Night at the Museum: Dinosaurs Come to Life". One of your docents (who will henceforth be referred to as Mr. Anonymous for fear of backlash) confided in us his concerns that this initiative might pose a public safety threat. Specifically, he is worried that the dinosaurs in the museum are too temperamental and cannot be trusted to treat the guests nicely. According to a report from Mr. Anonymous, which is toned down here for its gruesome content, Jake the velociraptor might "disembowel the visitors, eviscerating all their organs and eating the human flesh like it's a 16oz ribeye." This is clearly not something which will endear the Peabody to the public. Please advise on this urgent matter, and for heaven's sake teach the dinosaurs to comport themselves with decorum.

Yours truly,

Frederico Iglesias the XXVIth

Chairman of the The Peabody Museum Board and Chief Executive Officer at ConocoPhillips



AN ODE TO ATHLETES IN ONE PART

By TYLER DURDEN

Professor: *tapping fingers on desk* So I think you all know why you're meeting with me today.

Athletes: *suppressing a smile* Nope...

Professor: It is extremely suspicious that every single one of you, despite bombing all my previous exams and a few of you being mildly illiterate, managed to perform at the top of the class.

Athletes: **munching on a still frozen Chuck E. Cheese pizza with orgasmic delight** Weird...

Professor: *exasperated* For Pete's sake, no food or drink allowed in my office!

Athletes: *frantically searching for a microfridge* Who's Pete? By the way, Teach, you're from Oregon right cause I know you can hook us up with some weed-flavored oregano.

Professor: Actually, I'm from Minnesota. And no, like any other self-respecting pedagogue I have no oregano in my office.

Athletes: Damn, we didn't think you'd stoop low enough to actually want to hoard your whole oregano stash. What happened to spreading the love?

Professor: *with disgust* Returning to our original conversation, please be so kind as to inform me how you all cheated.

Athletes: *with a reflective gaze* It all started one fateful night at our local pizza parlor when we got together, taught each other how to properly read, and pored over the material in your class. Then we co-wrote an 800 page dissertation entitled "Affirmative Abortion: Promoting Fetal Diversity at Yale".

Professor: *astonished* But why go to all this trouble if you're not even interested in my class?

Athletes: We studied for one reason only: epic prankery. You've just been administered the biggest dose of prankage of all time. April Fools, dummy.

Professor: Let me get this straight. You all studied for the first time in your entire lives just for a silly prank? Talk about incentives...

Athletes: *bleating loudly and chewing cud* We're the prankster GOATs. Now give us some of your leftover calzone with honey-mustard sauce you know I enjoy.



OPINION: I WENT HOME FOR SPRING BREAK

By FEMALE WRITER

Puerto Rico. Miami. Mexico. What do all of these places have in common, besides manatees? They are hotspots for overzealous, dehydrated Yale students on spring break. There is a 77% chance that you or someone you sat next to in the dining hall today went to one of these places. It seems like EVERYONE went somewhere for break.

But not me. Which makes me better than you. And here's why.

While you were out gentrifying parts of the U.S. and abroad with your AirBnBs, I was single-handedly upholding the suburbs of central Connecticut. Instead of relying on foreign goods, I bolstered our nation's economy by eating the veggie nuggets that my mommy made for me. I saved the middle class.

And keep in mind, everyone, that traveling is NEVER ethical for us. Dare

we, as Yale students, spread our elitism across the globe like a worldwide global pandemic in these unprecedented times? Covid reference. We should never go anywhere.

I'm not a hero. I'm just a Yalie using my privilege for what is right. And maybe, if you were considerate about other people and thought about anything for a single second, you would do the same.

A virtue of going home is that I can live free of the crushing guilt that comes with knowing I have colonized Florida. But that's not all. Over break, my health flourished. I slept from dawn to dusk. I saw the sun maybe twice. I spent so much time with my pets that I myself have become an allergen.

But I didn't do it for me. I did it for mankind. Let's all take a lesson from my experience, and work as a community to do better.



Be a good person.
Don't go to Florida.



By FEMALE WRITER

COVID LOG #3

DAY #0

Just days before my favorite little underground cooler-than-you indietronica-alt-rock band comes to campus, I test positive for COVID. Although my grief is overwhelming, I will try to remain optimistic

DAY #1

I have listened to Piano Man 37 times.

DAY #2

I have developed a deep emotional attachment to the air filter that isolation housing gave to me. She makes me laugh. I learn something new about myself every time I'm with her. I've never felt this way before — she's the first thing I think of when I wake up and the last thing I think about before I go to sleep. And for the first time in my life, I want to get better. And I think it's because of her.

DAY #3

I'm pretty much fine now. Asymptomatic, even. I thought I was going to test out so I took a rapid early. The line was SO FAINT. I'm getting out tomorrow for sure. And honestly, it's okay if I'm in here for longer. I don't really like leaving my dorm, or going outside, or talking to people. I'm actually grateful that I have this opportunity to dedicate myself fully to my studies, free of distractions or happiness. I'm working on myself now. I'm healing.

DAY #4

I am a victim. No one on this planet has suffered more than me.

The Lord says to me:

Woe onto you,
My average-sized lamb,
For you have broken covenant with the Lord

O, my forlorned one,
Deepest in sorrow,
Know that the Lord your God sees you suffering
But does not care

WHEN I LOST SERVICE FOR A DAY IN ARIZONA

To: KAYK FAMILY ❤️🏠

Dad

son. please reply to mom as soon as possible. I can't see your location anymore on our family location tracking app and your mother is worried sick. are you okay? let me know.

Mom

Son. Call me. Now.

Son. I haven't been able to sleep because I haven't seen your location on our family location tracking app. What could be more important than calling your own mother??? You are making me very very worried and mad.

Son, your father, brother, uncle, aunts, and I have been calling you. We are worried. Pick up the phone. NOW.

PATTY STRAWBERRY-SHORT KAYK THE THIRD. CALL YOUR MOTHER. THIS INSTANT. WHAT'S GOING WRONG IN ARIZONA?

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT FROM THE START YOU DISOBEDIENT LITTLE SHIT. BET YOU'VE RUN OFF TO JOIN SOME WEIRD POLYGAMIST CULT WITH NAKED SAND "SLEEPOVERS" IN DESERT TENTS. DON'T COME HOME. I SHOULD'VE KNOWN THIS FROM THE BEGINNING. YOUR FATHER AND I ARE VERY VERY DISAPPOINTED IN YOU.

Hey mom. Sorry for making you worry so much. I actually haven't had service. But we arrived very safely last night. Just finished breakfast, I love you!

Dad

I can't find your mother



iMessage

By PATTY KAYK



2:34



All

Missed

Edit

Recents

Mom (27)

☑ phone

1:51 AM ⓘ

TIMES NEW ROMAN

contact: marco.nino@yale.edu + richard.corrente@yale.edu
TO GET INVOLVED!!

